Bero. What reaſon haue you fort,

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt. I goe Woolward for pennance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſh-cloute of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger Mounſier Marcade.

Marcad. God ſaue you Madame.

Quee. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrnppteſt our merriment.

Marcad. I am ſorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Quee. Dead for my life.

Marcad. Euen ſo: my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

Brag. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong through the litle hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

King. How fares your Maieſtie?

Quee. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

King. Madame Not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Quee. Prepare I ſay: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo comming too ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſute, ſo eaſely obtainde.

King. The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeede:
And often at his very looſe decides

That

That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmyling courtecie of Loue,
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpoſd, ſince to wayle friendes loſt,
Is not by much ſo holdſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Quee. I vnderſtand you not, my griefes are double.

Bero. Honeſt plaine words, beſt pearce the eare of griefe,
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes, haue we neglected time.
Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humours
Euen to the oppoſed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath ſeemed rediculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, ſkipping and vaine,
Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habites and of formes,
Varying in ſubiectes as the eye doth roule,
To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:
Which partie coted preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue miſbecombd our othes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faultes,
Suggeſted vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falce, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe and turns to grace.

Quee. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, embaſſadours of Loue.
And in our mayden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhyp pleaſant ieſt and courtecie,